Truth Lies Dormant within Scorched Hearts: a sestina

Who owns the truth?
Beneath the clash of war lies
A hidden grudge, held dormant
And smoldering within
politicians’ scorched
Consciences and twisted hearts.

On one side, hearts
Are filled with courage, sure of their truth.
They willingly face scorched
Earth, ready for what lies
Ahead. Within
Their minds, fear remains dormant.

The opposition also holds fear dormant
As obedience orders their hearts’
Drumbeats. Within
Their minds, there is no room for the examination of truth
Or lies.
Their objective is to leave enemies scorched.

As days pass, scorched
Acres spread across dormant
Winter fields. Bombs and lies
Fall like spring rain. Hearts
Harden, truth
Is held captive within

The stench of death, within
The smell of scorched
Bodies. Truth
Hides in dormant
Subway tunnels, in hearts
Broken, as a husband, father, sweetheart lies

Far from home, searching for a place where safety lies.
Meanwhile, far from the whine of bombs, within
bloating comfortable cocoons, our confused hearts
Seem powerless to end the scorched
Catastrophe. Peace remains as elusive and dormant
As wartime’s truth.

Lies are scorched
within dormant
Hearts. Truth hides in the pockets of refugees.

NANCY KANE
North Haverhill, NH